

Farm, Garden and Household.

Turkeys.

A good and young turkey is known by the same indications as given for poultry. The legs of young turkeys are generally black. An old hen-turkey has the legs rough, and of a reddish hue; the cock has long spurs. The fattest, those with short necks, a broad, thick breast, and a white skin, are the best. When fresh, the legs are flexible enough, but they get stiff as the bird gets seasoned.

Saturday-evening turkeys are made with old hens and old roosters, and commonly sold to confident buyers in this way: two or more market boys take possession of a closed stand rather late on Saturday evening; they have their goods in a basket or box, and each is holding a fowl that he shows for and calls a young turkey, holding the head in one hand and the legs in the other, crying loudly, "Young turkeys for a pound" (stating the price), "head and legs off" with other remarks, such as, "We offer them at that low price because it is late," "because we want to close," etc.

Unsuspecting women, attracted by the low price they are offered at (head and legs not weighed), stop and look at them, and in less time than it takes to say, the head and legs are chopped off, the bird is weighed, the whole price announced, and before the woman has had time to say a word the bird is in her basket. Half bewildered at the celerity with which the whole process has been gone through, and startled by the small sum she has to pay for a turkey, at least nine out of ten pay and move along, conscious of having made a good bargain.

Planting Potatoes.

Early last spring I plowed a piece of ground two rods wide by 19 long; harrowed it fine; then took a two-horse plow and ridged it up something like sweet potato ridges, only flatter on top; then took a hand-spike sharpened at one end, and made holes by thrusting the stake down into the soil, the holes were made about 18 inches apart on alternate sides of the ridge. A boy followed and dropped seed in each hole; then we took a mixture of slacked lime and leached ashes, equal parts, and put a handful in each hill, covered lightly with earth. They soon started to grow, and as the plants began to appear above ground we covered them with straw about one foot deep. This was all the work they got, except going through them every morning for two weeks and killing the bugs. The weeds never got through the straw during the summer. We began using them the 15th of June, used all we wanted (a family of six persons) until the first of November. We took up what remained, which was 50 bushels of a large and dry potato, as could be desired. These were of the Early Rose variety. The ground was only common prairie, and has been in cultivation for ten years. Was it the lime and ashes, or the manner of planting, or the variety of potato used, that gave such results? There was not less than at the rate of 300 bushels per acre.

Value of Sea-weed Manure.

It has long been customary on the seacoast to use sea-weed (*Fucus, Laminaria*, etc.) for a manure, its value for this purpose being considered by many as scarcely inferior to stable manure. This applies, however, to sea-weeds proper, the eel-grass (*Zostera marina*) being of a very different character, and, on account of its slow decomposition and different chemical combination, of much less value. An especial feature of the true sea-weeds consists in their large percentage of nitrogenous matter and in the great amount of ash, one analysis giving for dry sea-weeds nearly 7 per cent. of nitrogenous matter, 75 of cellulose, and 18 of ash. The amount of nitrogen proper may be estimated at from 1 1/2 to 2 per cent.

The principal objection to the use of sea-weed as a manure consists in its very small percentage of phosphoric acid. This, however, can be easily remedied by the addition of some phosphate, such as bone-meal. In the large amount of gypsum it contains, sea-weed serves admirably as a dressing for grazing lands. It is also very well suited to potatoes and other roots, tobacco, flax, and grows requiring a good deal of potash. As an element in compost it is quite unrivaled, owing to the readiness with which it is decomposed and the intimate combination which it enters into with other substances.

Diseased Potatoes.

The extensive failure of the potato crop in Great Britain, in consequence of the prevalence of rust and rot, is a subject of grave moment, as bearing upon the welfare of the laboring classes, and a method of utilizing the diseased potatoes has been made public at the instance of the British Government. This depends upon the fact that the starch of the potato is not affected by the disease, but retains its nutritive properties. The process consists in rasping the peeled tubers, upon a bread grater, into a tub of water. The starch sinks to the bottom in a few minutes, and the diseased matter, woody fiber, etc., are suspended in the water, and are then poured off with it. Fresh water is then added, and the starch stirred, and again allowed to settle. Two or three such washings will thoroughly remove all impurities, and render the starch fit for use. If dried, it can be kept any length of time, and can be used like arrow-root, for puddings and cakes, or mixed with flour, as bread.

Charcoal for Poultry.

The benefit which fowls derive from eating charcoal is, I believe, acknowledged. The method of putting it before them is, however, not well understood. Pounded charcoal is not in the shape in which fowls usually find their food, and consequently is not very enticing to them. I have found that corn burnt to the cob, and the refuse—which consists almost entirely of the grains reduced to charcoal, and still retaining their pearly shape—placed before them, is greedily eaten by them, with a marked improvement in their health, as is shown by the brighter color of their combs, and their sooner producing a greater average of eggs to the flock than before. *Poultry World.*

Linen Suits.—Thick linen suits for ladies' spring and summer wear, have French blouse-waists and simple skirts, trimmed with bias bands piped with white or deep blue linen. A deep kilt pleating is on the lower skirt. A small fichu trimmed with folds is the wrap; large blue buttons fasten the blouse. Other linen suits have polonaises with simple backs, and fall open from the waist down to disclose the skirt, trimmed across the front with twelve bias bands two inches wide, piped on each side with a tiny fold of white linen; the same bias band extends down the front seams. On the back a narrow gathered ruffle below.

Another Anecdote of Lincoln.

When Colonel Mulligan's Chicago regiment lay in camp away down South, one of the privates, named Barney, in a moment of passion and intention stabbed and terribly mangled a comrade. Barney was one of the hard characters of the command, and it was a matter of no surprise when the court-martial sentenced him for this last and gravest of his many offenses to be shot, and fixed the day of his execution. Meanwhile, to the surprise of every one including the surgeons, the wounded man began to recover and was soon pronounced out of danger. Public opinion took the usual turn. It was thought a pity, after all, to shoot a fine young fellow, such as Barney was in his better moments; besides, he was one of the boys, had been born like them in Chicago, grown with them, enlisted with them and fought with them. A movement looking to a petition for the culprit's pardon was set on foot, in which were joined more heartily than the wounded man, and the camp, which, but yesterday, was for lynching Barney, now yearned to save his life. But the General commanding had enlisted the finding of the court-martial, and only the President could interfere, and the regiment was encamped away from the telegraph lines. So that, though the necessary documents had been forwarded, backed by strong recommendations, there were grave doubts if the merciful message which Mr. Lincoln was about to send would reach the camp in time. An express was sent to the nearest telegraph station, thirty miles away, to carry the message with all haste—and all waited impatiently.

The night before the fatal day arrived, Barney was to be shot at sunrise next day. No reprieve had arrived, and the necessary orders, detailed the firing party, arranged for the parade. The night wore on. It is safe to say that not an eye was closed in the camp, and every ear was strained for hoof-beats from the East. Past midnight, one, two, three o'clock. There were movements in the gray Eastern sky; the brilliant Southern stars paled; it was almost dawn.

Suddenly a faint sound was heard, as of a shout away to the East. The excitement became electric. Men rushed from their tents, half dressed, and gathered in anxious groups. The officers were hardly less excited, and mingled with them. Then in rapid succession were heard challenge and reply as the advancing party passed sentry after sentry, then the tramp and splash of hoofs and, at last, burst into view the long looked-for messenger, covered with mud from head to foot, and worn out, his horse panting and travel-stained and bruised, for they had ridden thirty miles since midnight along roads that were heavily and deeply rutted. The rider held his way straight to the Colonel's tent and delivered his telegram. It read thus:

WASHINGTON, —, 186—. COLONEL MULLIGAN: If you haven't shot Barney D— yet—don't.

A. LINCOLN.

They hadn't, and they didn't.

Bonaparte's Love Letters.

The great Napoleon, when absent on his campaigns, used to write the most tender love letters to his wife, Josephine. Here is one of his short war notes: "I write very often to you, my dear love, but very seldom hear from you. You are a little, ugly, wicked creature. Perfidious! to deceive a poor husband and ardent lover! Must he forfeit his rights because he is far away, burdened with difficulties, cares and fatigue? Without his Josephine, without the assurance of her love, what remains for him on earth! What can he do? A thousand loving kisses.—BONAPARTE." The next is curiously tender: "I don't love you a bit; on the contrary, I detest you. You are an ugly, stupid, wicked creature. You never write to me, and you do not love your husband. You know the delight your letters afford me, and yet you send me only a few dozen hurried lines. Pray, Madam, what do you do with yourself all day? What important business is it that prevents you writing to your fond lover? What affection stifles and puts aside the love, the tender and constant love, you promised me? When this comes your day—this new lover who absorbs all your time, tyrannizes over your days, and prevents you from thinking of your husband? Take care, Josephine, some fine night, the doors closed, and I'll surprise you. But seriously, I am very uneasy, my dear love, at receiving no news of you; write me four pages immediately, tell me all about your day, and fill it all with tenderness and delight. I hope to embrace you before long; then I shall cover you with a million burning kisses.—BONAPARTE."

Picking Pockets.

The passengers on a crowded ferry-boat were much amused one day at seeing a gentleman very deftly pick his friend's pocket of his pocket-book and transfer it to his own. They were still more amused at seeing a third "gentleman" take the pocket-book even more deftly from the amateur and disappear with it. The denouncement came too late. Number Two asked Number One to let him see his pocket-book, and when his friend could not find it, proceeded with a smile to restore it to him. His smile, however, was soon changed to a look of intense surprise, which was very much enjoyed by the bystanders, for they expected that "gentleman" Number Three would soon appear and unravel the mystery. But, alas! Number Three never came back. He was, it seems, a true "artist," who had coolly robbed the amateur as publicly as the latter robbed his friend. In the hurry and confusion of landing Number Three made his escape, so the amateur was obliged to compensate his friend for the contents of his pocket-book, probably resolving, at the same time, to eschew ever after any such practical jokes.

The Druggists.

For several years past efforts have been made, at each session of the New Jersey Legislature, to procure the passage of a law that would have the effect of raising the standard of education among druggists throughout the State, and thereby prevent the "mistakes" in the compounding of medicines which so often result in loss of life. During the present session a bill for the purpose named was introduced, and allowed to remain unconsidered for several weeks. It provided that each druggist should pass an examination, and have a certificate of competency from a board consisting of five pharmacists. The bill failed to pass, when it came to a vote, although the necessity for such a law is pretty generally admitted.

The future destiny of the child is the work of the mother.

Florida Orange Groves.

A correspondent has visited a Florida orange grove, and tells us an interesting story of what he saw. The grove belongs to Capt. Dummitt, and was discovered by that gentleman while "on the war path" after the Seminoles. It is a rich hammock bordering Mosquito Lagoon and Indian River. Capt. Dummitt and Hardee pre-empted this hammock, and planted an orange grove. This grove is now the finest in the State, and probably in the world. The grove contains 3,000 orange trees, surrounded by a thick scrub. No fences separated them from the scrub, and it is a common thing for deer, and even bears, to be seen in the groves. Possums and coons are plentiful, and even wild cats and panthers make their appearance at intervals. The groves are about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. The trees are about twenty-five feet apart. The ground beneath them is kept entirely free of any vegetation. It is of a rich sandy formation. The whole grove was cool and shady. Hardly a flock of sunlight fell upon the trees, and the grove was naturally curved like a parenthesis, thus keeping it entirely free from swampy moisture. The first tree that attracted my attention as I entered the grove was a lemon tree. The lemons were thin-skinned and of an extraordinary size. In some places I found lemons and oranges growing upon the same tree, and in one case lemons, oranges, and limes upon the same branch. Some of the orange trees were in blossom, others were loaded with dark green fruit in various stages of development, but the most of them groaned under the weight of large, ripe yellow oranges. The climate and the soil are such that Capt. Dummitt says that he has raised oranges every month in the year. The Captain's black razor-backed hogs appeared to have a good time of it, for they roamed about the grove fattening upon the ripe oranges as they fell from the trees.

Dummitt's Grove has produced 600,000 oranges this season. He says he will raise a million next year. Three or four years ago the grove was nearly destroyed by insects, but they have fully recovered and look finer than ever. This grove is celebrated throughout the State. It is looked upon as a kind of Mecca by the orange producers of Florida. It costs Capt. Dummitt not quite \$1,000 a year to keep his magnificent grove in order. Six hundred thousand oranges at two cents apiece on the trees would give him a net income of \$12,000 a year, and one million oranges would give a net income of \$19,000. But a first-class grove, fully developed, ought to average 3,000 oranges to the tree. Many trees yield 5,000, and one tree in the old Eaton Grove, near Enterprise, is said to have produced 10,000 oranges in one year. In the vicinity are many orange groves, and they are very profitable to the owners.

The correspondent concludes Capt. Dummitt is nearly 70 years old. He is a thin man, with gray hair and a gray beard. He cares but little for money and is contented so long as he makes a living. If anybody wants his oranges they must go to his grove and buy them on the spot. The Captain never looks for a purchaser. The purchaser must look for the Captain.

One of the Men Wanted.

The Bank of England forgers, says a letter, for a long time kept up very large bank accounts, lived in excellent style, presented drafts upon different houses of good standing, which, being genuine, were promptly paid, and they manifested a knowledge of banking customs and rules which could only be acquired by persons actually in business in Wall street or in the money mart of London. So far as known, the other forgers were not posted in regard to the usages of the street; but with Gray, who is supposed to be one of the men, and who had a practical knowledge of finance in all its branches, in their ranks, they could only be accounted in making off with a good deal of the "reserve" of the Bank of England.

"Gray," said a detective, "could do anything in the way of rascality. Why, he was the coolest hand I ever did see at forgery, and then he was a cool check it out when the detectives came on him. Why, you know, when I had him caught up in his house in London, and a dozen detectives about it at the front and back doors and all the windows, he just colored his hair and whiskers, and going to the back door, told the detectives that the man they were hunting for was up-stairs, and they must hurry up at once if he was a slipper fellow, and he took them to a room on the top floor, and when I asked for them I was told that they were 'out seeing what was going on.' I was told at Plymouth that some of the older workmen intended to wait upon Mr. Forthgill, who has not yet been interviewed; and I heard at Gyrathra that a meeting of the ironworkers was held on Saturday, at which they resolved to accompany the Forthgills in acceptance of the reduction for the term of one month.

A Safe Test for Coal Oil.

A correspondent writes: The most effective way to stop the sale of dangerous oils and burning fluids which are so destructive to life and property is to educate the people. This test is so simple that it is in the power of every one. It has often been published, yet there are thousands of people who have not heard it. You will benefit the people by repeating it often.

The test is as follows: Pour a small quantity of the oil out upon a saucer or tin plate; apply a lighted match; if it ignites readily, or even before the fire touches it, let the oil be returned to the vendor as unsafe.

Good, safe oil will not flash, but burn slowly when the lighted match is dropped into it, and the fire is extinguished as soon as the match is removed. If the people will subject their oil to this test and use only that which stands it, accidents will be rare.

THE PIRATE.—Among the most notorious of the leaders of the buccaneers or pirates, who originally started out from Tortuga, and whose names became famous in the Gulf and particularly about the West Indies, was the famous Morgan, afterward Sir Henry, who, after committing every crime known, and after besting the booty of his comrades, with which, retiring to the island of Jamaica, he succeeded in making a portion of the world believe he was a high-spirited and generous man, and actually an officer of the government, and receiving the honor or knighthood. His portraits represent him as a fine-looking gentleman, and he is said to have sprung from a respectable family in Wales.

Results of a "Strike."

A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, writing from Merthyr Tydvil, Wales, gives a sorrowful account of the sufferings endured by the families of the "strikers." The writer says the utter destitution which exists in the district extending from Merthyr Tydvil to the confines of Monmouthshire is indescribable, and he cites the following instances:

I made recently a series of Sunday visits to a number of houses in the poor-districts of Merthyr—wretched homes they were, all of them. There is about a mile from Merthyr a suburb called, by the way, a cany, and close to the works of Cyfarthfa, which since the riots of 1831, have never ceased to echo the clangor of bustling industry, or light the sky with the ruddy blaze of innumerable fires. The people here are all Cyfarthfa workmen. It is a queer place, all up and down hill, with rows of steps leading to the high foot-paths, with rugged roads like mountain paths, innocent of drain or channel, and little brooks rushing down the centre, the crossing from side to side in zigzag courses, and pausing here and there in pools which seem common to most of Merthyr streets. The air is close and damp, and the odors exhaled from some unseen source of impurity are dank and mephitic. There are beads of ooze upon the house fronts, perpetual mud upon the steps, eternal dirt and dirt upon the dingy windows. Here is an open door that invites us to enter. You will notice that the broken stone floor has no carpet, and is full of holes; that a turned-up box does duty as a table, and that a three-legged stool and an arm-chair are the only articles of furniture in the room. The armchair is drawn close to the fire, in which lingers the expiring embers of what originally could have been but a very small wood fire, for fuel is as scarce as food.

A woman sits in the chair, and is gazing moodily, fixedly, into the dull red of the slow-burning wood—a thin, pinched, scantily-clad woman, whose ragged cotton dress is as frayed and worn as the old woman's face, and who is drawn over her head to protect her neck from the draft that comes through the broken window pane at the back. At her breast is a two-month baby—born a child of sorrow only a day or two before the strike began, and baby as thin and pinched as its haggard nurse. There is a little girl of ten or twelve sitting by the fire, her face as shivering, as she tries to toast a slice of bread, which I learn has been begged of a neighbor, and is the only food in the house. A young man sits on the other side of the fire upon another box—the table. He is a lodger; out of work, of course. He is smoking—mark that; he can buy tobacco, and the woman has a beg-bread. Soon after the strike began, the man was on the scene by shambuling out. It is very little the woman will say at first. To all my questions she returns such short answers as I admit my intrusion deserved. But a chance remark about the baby opened the mother's heart.

"John," she told me—John was her husband—was a "baller." He did not want to strike, but was obliged to turn out with the others. "And there's lots, you see like him, only the colliers was strike, and then the puddlers and ballers and laborers and all, was have to strike, too." So ran the pigeon English of this poor Welshwoman; this wretched wife—a slattern evidently, but an innocent sufferer from the calamitous strike now raging.

House it will be in these dreary streets I visited, and found almost as sad a state of things—cupboards bare, old Mother Hubbard's, and hungry children crying for food. In one desolate home there were two children lying on a death-bed, and their mother said they were "a-dying of the strike." In some cases the men had been able to earn a little money by working as laborers, but the women, who were one or two instances, and these were colliers, had secured employment in the Aberdare pits; and at one house I called, and found the wife was now receiving a weekly post office order from her husband, who, with a few of his adventurous comrades, had found work at Middlesbrough. That completed my Sunday tour, and I returned disappointed. I went this morning to Plymouth—a workman's district at the other end of the town—only to see squalid poverty and the same degree of utter destitution. The people here are kept alive only by the soup kitchens, one of which had been started by Mr. Forthgill, M. P., the owner of Plymouth Works, and was confined to women and children. In a few places I found the men at home, and when I asked for them I was told that they were "out seeing what was going on." I was told at Plymouth that some of the older workmen intended to wait upon Mr. Forthgill, who has not yet been interviewed; and I heard at Gyrathra that a meeting of the ironworkers was held on Saturday, at which they resolved to accompany the Forthgills in acceptance of the reduction for the term of one month.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.
Beef Cattle—Prime to Extra Bullocks 12 1/2 to 13 1/2
Second quality 11 1/2 to 12 1/2
Ordinary thin cattle 10 to 11
Inferior or low grade 9 to 10
Milk Cows 40 to 45
Hogs—Live 6 1/2 to 7 1/2
Dressed 5 1/2 to 6 1/2
Sheep—Live 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
Dressed 4 to 4 1/2
Four—Extra Western 7 1/2 to 8 1/2
State Western 7 to 7 1/2
Wheat—Red Winter 1 1/2 to 1 3/4
State 1 1/2 to 1 3/4
No. 2 Spring 1 1/2 to 1 3/4
Barley—Mixed 1 1/2 to 1 3/4
Corn—Mixed 45 to 50
Oats—Mixed Western 35 to 40
Hay—100 lbs 1 1/2 to 1 3/4
Hops—7 1/2 to 8 1/2
Pork—Mess 13 to 14
Lard—100 lbs 10 to 11
Petroleum—Crude 10 1/2 to 11
Butter—State 20 to 22
Ohio 18 to 20
Yellow 18 to 20
Western Ordinary 20 to 22
Pennsylvania 20 to 22
Cheese—State Factory 15 to 16 1/2
Ohio 13 to 14
Eggs—State 25 to 26

CHICAGO.
Beef Cattle 5 1/2 to 6 1/2
Sheep—Live 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
Hogs—Live 6 1/2 to 7 1/2
Wheat—No. 2 Spring 1 1/2 to 1 3/4
Corn—Mixed 45 to 50
Oats—Mixed Western 35 to 40
Hay—100 lbs 1 1/2 to 1 3/4
Hops—7 1/2 to 8 1/2
Pork—Mess 13 to 14
Lard—100 lbs 10 to 11
Petroleum—Crude 10 1/2 to 11
Butter—State 20 to 22
Ohio 18 to 20
Yellow 18 to 20
Western Ordinary 20 to 22
Pennsylvania 20 to 22
Cheese—State Factory 15 to 16 1/2
Ohio 13 to 14
Eggs—State 25 to 26

ST. LOUIS.
Beef Cattle 5 1/2 to 6 1/2
Sheep—Live 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
Hogs—Live 6 1/2 to 7 1/2
Wheat—No. 2 Spring 1 1/2 to 1 3/4
Corn—Mixed 45 to 50
Oats—Mixed Western 35 to 40
Hay—100 lbs 1 1/2 to 1 3/4
Hops—7 1/2 to 8 1/2
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Quill pens, which a few years ago were despised as being of the old fogy order, are coming into favor again. This is partly owing to the very inferior quality of many of the kinds of steel pens now in the market.

Anecdote of Baron Rothschild.

A short time ago the Baron Van Rothschild took a walk in Paris, and suddenly found himself behind the Pantheon, in a part of the city with which he was not familiar. He entered the shop of a dealer in old curiosities, and discovered among a great deal of worthless trumpery an old barometer from the time of Louis XVI., the carving of which was exceedingly well preserved. The Baron, who is a connoisseur of such things, immediately resolved to buy the barometer. The price was ten francs, and Rothschild, glad to get it so cheap, put his hand in his pocket to give the woman who kept the store a ten franc piece. Unfortunately he discovered that he had left his pocketbook home.

"Well, never mind," said he, "I will take the barometer anyway. Send it to my house. I am the Baron Rothschild. The money will be paid to you at my house."

"I do not know your name monsieur," replied the woman; "moreover, I never send any goods away unless they have previously been paid for."

The Baron was greatly puzzled. He had never dreamed that anybody could be ignorant of his name, but as he happened to be in a very good humor, he felt highly amused, and was just about to give her some information as to who he was, when he saw a commissionaire pass by on the other side of the street. He beckoned to him, and when the honest Auvergnat stood before him, he asked him:

"Do you know, perhaps, Baron Rothschild?"

"That is a funny question, sir, Rothschild? Why, that is our money king. Why do you ask that question?" he said, growlingly, for he supposed it was a mere mystification.

"Because madam here refuses to trust him for ten francs," said Rothschild, pointing to the woman.

"That really true, Madame Ducloux?" cried the commissionaire, in surprise.

"Yes, you see, Monsieur Pierre, we cannot know everybody in the world," replied the woman, in confusion. "I know you, and if you will go the gentleman's security."

At these words the Baron burst into a fit of laughter.

"Very well, Monsieur Pierre," he said, "if you will go my security, do so; but above all things go and fetch me a hack, and then carry this barometer to my house."

The commissionaire received a very handsome reward at the house of the rich millionaire for going security for Baron Rothschild.

A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

For the cure of this distressing disease there has been no medicine yet discovered that can show more evidence of real merit than ALLEN'S LUNG BALM. This invaluable expectorant for curing Consumption, and all diseases leading to it, such as Phthisis, the Throat, Lungs, and all diseases of the pulmonary organs, is introduced to the suffering public as the most reliable and effective remedy. The Balm is consequently recommended by physicians who have become acquainted with its great success.

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY.

Dr. Wilson & Ward, Physicians and druggists, write from Centerville, Tenn.: "We purchased ALLEN'S LUNG BALM, and it sells rapidly. We are practicing physicians, as well as druggists, and take pleasure in recommending a great remedy, such as we know it to be."

Dr. Lloyd, of Ohio, surgeon in the army during the war, from exposure, contracted consumption. He says: "I have used ALLEN'S LUNG BALM extensively in my practice, and am satisfied there is no better medicine for lung disease in use."

Physicians do not recommend a medicine which has no merit. What they say about ALLEN'S LUNG BALM can be taken as a fact. Let all afflicted test it at once, and be convinced of its real merits.

As an expectorant it has no equal. It is harmless to the most delicate child. It contains no opium in any form. Directions accompany each bottle.

CAUTION.—Call for ALLEN'S LUNG BALM.

J. K. HARRIS & CO., Cincinnati, O. PROPRIETORS.

FERRY DAVIS & SONS, General Agents, Providence, R. I.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

FOR SALE BY JOHN F. HENRY, New York. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston. JOHNSON, LOWMEY & CO., Philadelphia.

Best and Oldest Family Medicine.—Sanford's Lung Balm, a purely Vegetable Cathartic and Tonic for Croup, Consumption, Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, and all derangements of the Lungs and Throat. Ask your Druggist for it. Beware of imitations.

ATTENTION TO THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION. and that the disease may be checked in its incipency, use at once Dr. Jayne's Expectant, a safe remedy for all affections of the Lungs and Bronchia.

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Lard—100 lbs 10 to 11
Petroleum—Crude 10 1/2 to 11
Butter—State 20 to 22
Ohio 18 to 20
Yellow 18 to 20
Western Ordinary 20 to 22
Pennsylvania 20 to 22
Cheese—State Factory 15 to 16 1/2
Ohio 13 to 14
Eggs—State 25 to 26

ST. LOUIS.
Beef Cattle 5 1/2 to 6 1/2
Sheep—Live 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
Hogs—Live 6 1/2 to 7 1/2
Wheat—No. 2 Spring 1 1/2 to 1 3/4
Corn—Mixed 45 to 50
Oats—Mixed Western 35 to 40
Hay—100 lbs 1 1/2 to 1 3/4
Hops—7 1/2 to 8 1/2
Pork—Mess 13 to 14
Lard—100 lbs 10 to 11
Petroleum—Crude 10 1/2 to 11
Butter—State 20 to 22
Ohio 18 to 20
Yellow 18 to 20
Western Ordinary 20 to 22
Pennsylvania 20 to 22
Cheese—State Factory 15 to 16 1/2
Ohio 13 to 14
Eggs—State 25 to 26

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Preparation of Meat Extract.

A new mode of preparing certain kinds of meat has lately been patented in Paris by M. Darand. This has more particularly reference to the preparation of prawns, shrimps, and other delicate crustaceans, in regard to which, as is well known, much trouble is experienced in the picking out of the flesh from the external skeleton after boiling. The new method consists in placing the shrimps, while still alive, in a double metal ring perforated with small holes, some coarse material being used as a filter. This ring is subjected to pressure, which squeezes the flesh out into a vessel placed below. This may be then mixed with the necessary seasoning, boiled, and dried by evaporation, so as to form a compact paste, which will keep for a long time, furnishing an excellent kind of food. A similar process can be applied to the preparation of fish, the meat of which can be forced out, leaving the bones, scales, etc., behind. The flesh of both fish and crustaceans before cooking is very soft, and easily yields to the treatment indicated. This process might perhaps be applied to advantage in the case of animal herbage, the bones of which constitute so great an objection to them as an article of food.

Veterinary Surgeons all over the country are recommending *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powder* for the following troubles in horses:—Loss of appetite, roughness of the hair, stoppage of bowels or water, thick water, coughs and colds, swelling of the glands, worms, hoarse all, thick wind, and leaves.—Com.